

Jasper Weekly Courier.

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COMMERCIAL AND JOB WORK of all kinds promptly and neatly executed at LIBERAL PRICES. We invite inspection and business.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. M. MILBURN, M. A. SWEENEY, **MILBURN & SWEENEY, Attorneys at Law, JASPER, IND.,** Will practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining counties. Particular attention given to collections. **OFFICE**—Jackson St., opposite the Dubois County Bank. Dec. 9, '97.

W. E. COX, Attorney at Law, JASPER, INDIANA, Prosecuting Attorney for the 11th Judicial District, and will carefully attend to any civil business entrusted to him in any county of the State. **OFFICE**—in Spayd's building on Public Square, Dec. 9, '97.

W. A. TRAYLOR, W. S. HUNTER, TRAYLOR & HUNTER, Attorneys at Law, JASPER, INDIANA, Will practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining counties. **OFFICE**—over Dubois County State Bank, April 22, '92.

BRUNO BUETTNER, Attorney at Law, And Notary Public, JASPER, INDIANA, Will practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining counties. **OFFICE**—over Dubois County State Bank, April 22, '92.

F. E. WOODS, D. D. S., OPERATIVE DENTIST, JASPER, INDIANA. \$5.00 SET OF TEETH. \$5.00 Gold, Crown and Bridge work. Gold Filling a Specialty. Latest methods of fitting artificial teeth. All work guaranteed. Terms Reasonable. **OFFICE**—Stearns and Lorey's Hardware store. August 14, 1896—1y

J. S. STEWART, RESIDENT DENTIST, South side of Public Square, Spayd Block. JASPER, INDIANA. Operations first-class as recommended—all work guaranteed. Specialist on Crown and Bridge work. Dec. 6, 1897—1y.

DENTISTRY Dr. B. A. MOSBY, Resident Dentist, HUNTINGBURG, IND. Tenders his professional services to all needing any work in the dental line, and promises to give it his closest attention. Gold plate work specially solicited, and all work warranted. Apr. 19, '95.

Bainbridge Township Trustee's Notice. The undersigned, Trustee of Bainbridge township, Dubois county, will attend to Township business on Saturday of every week, at Frank Betz's office on North Main street, between Eighth and Ninth, in Jasper. The Township Library and Indiana School Books are at same place. WILLIAM SHULER, Trustee. Aug. 16, 1897—y.

AN OCCASIONAL ADVERTISEMENT —AND—AN—OCCASIONAL—**MEAL** Are Alike in that Neither Does Very Much Good. **CONTINUOUS REGULARITY** IS THE RULE FOR BOTH.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. M. L. HOBBS.

GONE HOME.

Death loves a shining mark. This was plainly illustrated on Friday Dec. 10th, when it entered the home of Dr. & Mrs. Gleason and took our dear Grace McSwane as its victim.

Grace was born in Petersburg, Pike Co., Ind., but was left an orphan when a child, and has made her home principally with them.

She was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church and will be greatly missed there.

Also a member of the W. C. T. U. and has been a faithful member ever since she was old enough, and really before, for her heart's desire was to join their ranks and they let her join. She has been our Cor. Sec. for many years. She won the banner last year for having the neatest, complete and most prompt report in the state.

Who will fill her place, and who will be as faithful and true?

O how hard it was to give her up. We know our loss is great but feel it is her gain. Grace had many friends and not an enemy in this world. She was loved by all who knew her, and especially by all the children. This was plainly illustrated when the corpse entered the church door there was hardly a dry eye among them. "Do not weep dear children, your teacher is not dead but is asleep in Jesus."

Grace had lived a true Christian life and was well prepared to meet her Saviour.

She was interred in the Shiloh burying ground Sunday afternoon.

She leaves many relatives and friends to mourn their loss. To these we extend our heartfelt sympathy in this their darkest hour.

Weep not for her, she is not dead, but sleepeth. Weep not for her the Saviour said, Her deathless spirit shall survive. Now let your mourning hearts revive.

Weep not for her, she is blest. Her soul has entered into rest. And now arrayed in robes of white she stands among the angels of light.

Weep not for her, though tears arise. For she is happy in the skies. And there she stands with beckoning hand, And calls us that peaceful land. A FRIEND.

A Little Game of Bluff.

The retail Liquor Dealers' Association of the United States recently held its convention in Indianapolis, Ind. The association held a sort of plebiscite, and unanimously voted that Prohibition died with Neal Dow. If this is really the sober judgment of organized liquor-donors, the Prohibitionists have a much less intelligent and level-headed antagonist to deal with than they have supposed. Just as the anti-slavery cause was intensified when John Brown's body was killed and his soul sent marching on, so Prohibition takes a new lease of life when any of its advocates either suffers martyrdom or dies a natural death. The liquor dealers will find the Prohibition issue the liveliest corpse on which an interested and self-elected coroner's jury ever gave a verdict which simply embodied the wish which was father to the thought. Notwithstanding this declaration of the liquor-dealers, Prohibitionists should prepare to see the leaders and rank and file of the enemy act just as if they thought the Prohibition issue very much alive. It looks as if the liquor men indulged in a little bluff at Indianapolis.—Voice.

The future historians will point out with curious horror how "in the year of our Lord" 1896, the two license monsters of corruption went to the church for leaders—AND FOUND THEM. And fought a duel for what they called honor, when from first to last it was beyond question that the church was to be hindered and dishonored, and that whether the Presbyterian or the Methodist license leader should win the seat of power, the one fixed asset of the government—the basic point of administration—was to be the hundred and forty millions of blood money paid by the liquor traffic for leave to cheat and fleece and debauch and murder men for whom the government existed, and for whom Christian voters use their political influence to put the church into contempt.—John G. Woolley.

What is morally wrong can never be politically right.—Burke.

MAIL TO THE NEW YEAR.

Hail, hail to thee, O virgin year, Not yet a day's length on thy throne! Thou with the merry eyes and clear And joyous voice of dulcet tone! Hail, hail to thee, thou strong of limb! Our praise is thine, O youthful king! For thou art pure of word and sin; Thy young hands yet but blessings bring!

The monarch who is laid away Within the catacomb of years Was harsh and ruthless in his day— Seemed less to love our joys than tears. We look for blessings manifold, New year, from thy pure, sinless hand! We trust thy heart will never grow cold Toward us—and our native land!

Bring healing to the hearts now sore From wounds the cruel old year made The veil of peacefulness draw o'er The woes at each heart threshold laid We cannot love a tyrant king— Our hearts refuse to loyal be To one who takes delight to fling Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say, When comes the time for thee to go, "O darling year, we grieve today, Because we all have loved you so!" —Good Housekeeping.

Marie and Her Little Ragged Doll.

"Happy New Year's, marshal!" shouted a chorus of childish voices in the Rue Imperiale of Lyons. They were gamins of the town, who, in a band, crowded around Marshal Castellane on the 1st of January, 1857. The big hearted man, who was at that time military governor of the town, finding himself surrounded by the youngurchins, conceived a strange idea, which was both the indication and the result of his nature.

"You want New Year's gifts, my boys?" said he.

"Yes, yes!" shouted the youngsters in chorus.

"Very well, my little friends; you must win them."

"Win them? How?"

"By taking them by storm."

"How so?"

"The thing is very simple. You see that candy store there at the corner of the street?"

"Yes, marshal."

"Very well. Take it by storm, and when you capture it you are at liberty to sack it. Everything that it contains will be yours."

The youngsters were delighted. In short order they picked up all the stones that they could lay their hands on and sent volley after volley at the windows.

For a moment nothing could be heard but the ringing clatter of broken glass.

Out bounded the proprietor with a big stick in his hand. He was about to charge upon the young vandals when he noticed Marshal Castellane, half choked with laughter, endeavoring to order a second bombardment. The incident immediately became clear to the shopkeeper's mind, and he, too, burst out laughing.

When the breach was made, the little rascals rushed into the shop, opening the door simply to avoid the necessity of passing through the windows. Then they made a furious attack upon the candies and cleaned out almost the entire stock.

When that expedition was over, the marshal ordered a second one against a cakeshop. The little army, commanded by Castellane, won another victory, the recompense for which was the absorption of an immense number of cakes.

The two battles and the damages cost the millionaire marshal nearly 100,000 francs. That was his contribution in the form of New Year's gifts for the gamins of Lyons.

On the following year he had another adventure. This time the military governor, in the course of an evening walk, stopped by chance in front of an antiquary's store, where there were some curious old things displayed in the window. Among some objects of a rare value was a little ragged doll, well worn and evidently of the cheapest kind, just about good enough for a junk-shop.

How it got there among the objects of the antiquary was the thing that puzzled the marshal. Just then a little girl came up in a hurry, carrying a loaf of bread under her arm. Shivering in the cold January wind, she drew over her thin shoulders a little faded shawl, while her dress, worn and light, clung to her frail limbs at each step she took.

The little one opened the door, and, without entering, said to the shopkeeper: "Mr. Antoine, did anybody make an offer for my doll?"

"Five cents was all that I was offered for it," replied a hoarse voice.

"That's not enough," said the little one. Then she closed the door, and, with a sigh, continued her journey. The marshal followed her closely, but she did not notice him. She entered a poor, tumble down house and mounted the stairs. When she came to the garret landing, the child opened a door and disappeared. Castellane stealthily crept up and listened at the door.

"You were very long, Marie, and the little ones are dreadfully hungry," said the voice of a woman inside.

"The baker refused to give us any more credit, and I had to talk to him," replied the little girl. "But anyway here is the bread, mamma. Let me cut it for the children."

The marshal did not need to hear any more. He understood the case thoroughly. In a hurry he returned to the antiquary, and, pointing to the old doll, asked:

"How much for this doll?"

"Anything you wish, sir," said the dealer.

"Well, let us say 100 francs."

"You are joking, are you not?"

"Not at all. Here's the money."

"Oh, my dear sir, if you only knew the good that you are about to do."

"To whom?"

"To a little girl in the neighborhood, the eldest of a numerous family in desperate straits. The father is at present in the hospital. They are unfortunate people, but very honest. I can assure you. The little girl told me to find a purchaser for that old doll. She fancied, poor thing, that she would get 10 cents for it. I never thought I could sell it. You say 100 francs?"

"I said 100 francs, and I have just finished counting out the amount, and here it is." And the marshal placed 20 5 franc pieces on the little counter of the shop. The dealer wrapped the doll in a paper and presented it to him, with many thanks and benedictions in the name of the family.

Without paying much attention to him Castellane left the shop and returned to the old house with the intention of leaving the doll at the door for little Marie. But the latter, whose impatience had been sharpened by want, had already returned to the dealer. What was her joy when he told her the good luck that had come to her! She received the money and came back to the house as fast as she could run. She accomplished the journey with such haste that she overtook the marshal at the door of the garret.

"Ah, it was you!" she cried just as she found him in the act of placing the little package at the door of the humble lodging, and in an outburst of gratitude the little thing threw her arms around the neck of her benefactor and kissed him.

When the good hearted Castellane afterward told this little story, he added:

"Never in my life did I get a kiss that went to my heart like that."

Bits of Novel-Written Wisdom.

Love and a cough cannot be hidden.

Man's the head, but woman turns it.

They love too much who die for love.

You can't live on air or fly without wings.

Nearly all women are good, but few are great.

You can't climb the Alps on roller skates.

Nothing is wicked in this world except failure.

A wonderful talisman is the relic of a good mother.

He who wrongs the child commits a crime against the state.

It was a wise man who said it was hard to love a woman and do anything else.—Compiled for Good Housekeeping.

Indiana Beet Sugar Industry.

At the meeting of the State Board of Commerce in Indianapolis in January, three questions will come up for discussion, to which an unusual amount of interest attaches.

These questions are the raising of sugar beets in this state, waste of natural gas and the further need of reform in municipal government.

The first of these questions will greatly interest the people of this community, owing to the present agitation regarding the establishment of a beet sugar factory in this city. It is likely a number of Evansville citizens will attend the meeting.—Evansville Courier.

Applying the educational test to the negro vote in South Carolina is a crime against civilization, in the estimation of Republican editors, but applying it to ignorant white voters in Massachusetts is commended as the highest evidence of patriotism and sense.—Louisville Dispatch.

The "educational test," however, for a voter is growing in favor generally, and the next Legislature of Indiana should propose a constitutional amendment adopting it in this state. There has not been an election in 25 years in which the Democracy of Indiana would not have been successful had an educational qualification for voters prevailed.

Before you subscribe for any farm paper this year, be sure to send for a specimen copy of that great weekly paper, The Prairie Farmer, of Chicago. It is the best weekly farm paper published. It is now in its 57th year. Special clubbing price will be made to all of our readers. See adv. in another column.

Subscribe for the COURIER.

McKinley's Pardon Record.

(Chicago Record.)

President McKinley's activity in pardoning bank wreckers and embezzlers is becoming scandalous. The latest object of executive clemency reported by the press dispatches is William E. Burr, Jr., ex-cashier of the St. Louis National Bank, who was serving a five-year sentence at the Jefferson City penitentiary for the embezzlement of \$20,000. It is reported that the pardon was issued on the recommendation of Attorney-General McKenna, who had received from Republican National Committeeman Kerens, the two Democratic senators and other influential people of the state, petitions asking for clemency.

Here is a list of the other pardons of this nature that have been granted by President McKinley so far during the nine months of his administration.

Harry L. Martin, Illinois, convicted February 10, 1898, of embezzling funds of a national bank; sentenced to five years in the penitentiary; pardoned April 7.

Alonso B. Crawford, Missouri, convicted of violation of United States banking laws; sentenced October 3, 1894, to five years in the penitentiary; sentence commuted by Mr. Cleveland to three years and six months; pardoned May 8.

Henry H. Kennedy, Pennsylvania, convicted on two indictments for violation of national banking laws; sentenced September 15, 1891, to ten years in the penitentiary; sentence commuted by Mr. Cleveland to seven years; pardoned May 21.

John M. Wall, Ohio, convicted of violation of United States banking laws; sentenced April 22, 1897, to five years in the penitentiary; sentence commuted May 28 to two years and full pardon granted October 9.

Fred E. Edgar, New York, convicted May 9, 1894, of violation of national banking laws; sentenced to five years in the penitentiary; pardoned June 1.

Charles R. Fleischman, Illinois, convicted of violation of banking laws; sentenced December 8, 1896, to five years in the penitentiary; pardoned June 28.

Fred L. Kent, Missouri, convicted of embezzling the funds of a bank; sentenced September 7, 1893, to ten years in the penitentiary; pardoned July 7.

Edward R. Carter, of New York, convicted of violating the national banking laws; sentenced January 9, 1895, to six years and six months in the penitentiary; pardoned July 9.

Francis A. Coffin, Indiana, convicted of violation of United States banking laws; sentenced October 25, 1894, to eight years in the penitentiary; pardoned September 9.

Lewis Redwine, Georgia, convicted of violation of United States banking laws; sentenced January 12, 1895, to six years in the penitentiary; pardoned October 26.

Stephen M. Folsom, New Mexico, convicted April 17, 1894, of making false entries in the books of a national bank; sentenced to five years in the penitentiary; pardoned November 16.

Fred W. Griffin, Illinois, convicted of embezzling the funds of a national bank; sentenced May 24, 1895, to five years in the penitentiary; pardoned November 22.

It seems as if President McKinley had a special fondness for pardoning bank wreckers and embezzlers, the very class of all others that ought to be the last to receive clemency. Their plans are especially disturbing to society, and especially blameworthy in that they constitute violations of sacred trusts.

Of course criminals of high standing, like those holding positions of responsibility in great banking institutions, can bring to bear in their behalf more pressure, political and otherwise, than ordinary offenders. In the face of the long pardon list and the facts as reported in some cases, one cannot but think that influence is the chief factor in securing clemency.

In the interest of depositors and shareholders alike subverters of trust funds should not be allowed to go unpunished when convicted of crime. How can a President elected on the issue of sound currency and sound banking justify this attitude of leniency toward dishonest bankers?

Advertisers in The COURIER are capturing the trade.

LOSSES FROM BANK FAILURES.

What the Statistics of the Year's Financial Disasters Show.

The report of the comptroller of the currency for 1897 gives figures relating to bank failures for the last year, which afford conclusive evidence of the absolute necessity of safer places of deposit for persons of small means. The following table shows the number and percentage of bank failures for the year.

Class	No. of banks in existence July 1, 1897.	Failures—No. Per cent.
National banks	2,619	38 1.05
State banks and trust companies	4,900	56 1.36
Savings banks	1,273	19 1.49
Private banks and bankers	3,826	47 1.23
Totals	12,817	160 1.25

For the year previous the failures of all banks were 1.06 per cent, and of savings banks 1.18 per cent. For the last year, as will be seen from the table, the percentage of total failures to all banks was 1.25 per cent. The striking fact of the table is in the figures showing that the percentage of failures among savings banks is the highest for any class, or 1.49 per cent, whereas institutions that receive in trust the savings of the poor should be the safest and soundest of all. The smallest percentage of failures is for the national banks, institutions patronized almost exclusively by the well-to-do.

In the face of these figures it is difficult to see how any intelligent person can have the heart to oppose the establishment of postal savings banks, which would give to the wage-earners and other persons of limited means absolute security for their small deposits. There are those who profess to see in the postal savings system the specter of paternalism, from the influence of which they would protect the workingmen of this free and glorious republic at all hazards. We are of opinion, however, that the workingmen of this country would be better off if they were afforded less protection against paternalism and other theoretical dangers and given more assurance of security for the hard-earned savings they may lay up against old age or adversity.—Chicago Record.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The hardest dollar for a man to get is too often the one he needs the most.

As a general rule, I judge of a man's virtues or vices by his opinions on other people.

When a politician gets ritch, he is quite apt to wear his political principles as a kind of eleksbun holiday suit.

The man who dies the richest is the one who leaves the least here and takes the most with him.

Tru filosofy, like tru philanthropy, is a work ov deeds, not words.

The vanity ov mankind is a truff to dam them, even if they was angels in every other respect.

There iz lots ov people in this world who take a joke just az children do kastor ile—because they can't help it.

The most disgusting knitter ov the whole lot to me iz the one who will fill himself haff fun ov cheap wisky, and then insists upon being konfidenshall to yu in matters ov no earthly importance, thus intensifying his natural kondemned phoolishness.

When I see a man who iz over anxious to prove ennything, I am very apt to think he isn't very certain about it himself.

I sumtimes indulge in profanity; and i wonder at it, for there iz nothing that iz so much regret in myself and despise in others.

If you want to reduce a child's genius, set him to turning a grindstun or weeding out onions.

The clever phellow who doesn't know how to pla a game ov whist, even if it iz a poor one, iz here on earth under false pretences.

Men will admit that they are growing old, but never that they are growing phoolish.

I thank God that there iz one thing that money won't buy, and that iz the wag ov a dog's tale.

Masonic Festivities at Birdseye.

The members of Bethlehem Lodge, No. 574, F. & A. Masons of Birdseye predict a great time on the evening of January 1st, 1898.

The M. M. Degree will be conferred on three candidates. Booneville lodge will attend as a body and assist in the work. Neighboring lodges are invited to be present.